WARNING! THE HULK WAITS FOR YOU INSIDE!

7d

# SMASH!

No.16
21 MAY 1966
EVERY TUESDAY

## THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

## CAN YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

**The Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. has fallen into a trap. And now, bound at the wrists and with an iron ball chained to his ankle, he is mercilessly thrown into a lake where strange, monstrous creatures lurk in the black depths. Things look desperate. But there *is* a chance to escape - can you see HOW? All the clues are in the picture – but, if you give up – the answer is on Mr Knowall's page inside.**

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# THE RUBBER MAN!

THIS EXCITING STORY WILL S-T-R-E-T-C-H YOUR NERVES TO BREAKING POINT! LOOK WHAT HAPPENS WHEN JIM HOLLIS, UNSUSPECTING VICTIM OF A FAKIR'S CURSE, PURSUES THE KILLERS OF HIS MILLIONAIRE FATHER...

MY ARMS! I CAN *STRETCH* THEM! IT'S AS IF THEY ARE MADE OF *ELASTIC!*

THE KILLER-BOSS CALLED SKULLHEAD SQUEALS WITH FEAR...

I *SHOT* HIM! I *HIT* HIM! *BUT HE ISN'T EVEN HURT!*

AND AS THE TERRIFIED DRIVER LOSES CONTROL...

WE'RE CRASHING INTO THE QUARRY!

JIM SNATCHES A HANDHOLD. BUT...

THE EARTH HAS CRUMBLED AWAY! I'M GOING TO FALL!

AAAH!

I'M DONE FOR! NO HUMAN CAN FALL THIS FAR... AND LIVE!

HE FEELS THE *IMPACT* AS HIS BODY HITS THE GROUND — *BUT NO PAIN!* NOR, EVEN FOR A MOMENT, DOES HE LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS...

BULLETS NO LONGER HARM ME! I FALL A *HUNDRED FEET* OR MORE — AND I'M NOT EVEN *BRUISED!* WHY?... *WHY?*

IF THIS IS NOT SOME FEARFUL NIGHTMARE, THERE CAN *ONLY BE* ONE ANSWER! THE WHOLE MOLECURE STRUCTURE OF MY BODY HAS CHANGED! I AM NO LONGER MADE OF BLOOD AND FLESH AND BONE... *BUT OF SOME SUBSTANCE LIKE RUBBER!*

WHAT HAS CAUSED THIS CHANGE IN MY BODY? AND... AND WHAT IS TO BECOME OF ME *NOW?*

HE IS HARDLY AWARE OF THE EVENTFUL DAYS THAT FOLLOW...

AS YOU HAVE NOW INHERITED YOUR FATHER'S BUSINESS, WE... WE...

HE'S NOT EVEN *LISTENING!* HE OWNS TWO THIRDS OF THE WORLD'S RUBBER. *MISTER RUBBERMAN*, HIMSELF! AND HE DOESN'T EVEN SEEM TO *CARE!*

*MR RUBBERMAN!* WHO BUT JIM HOLLIS CAN EVEN *SUSPECT* THE IRONY OF THE TITLE THAT BIG BUSINESS HAS BESTOWED UPON THE NEW PRESIDENT OF "WORLDWIDE RUBBER COMPANY?"...

HE SHOWS NO INTEREST IN *ANYTHING!* HAS THE GRIEF OF HIS FATHER'S DEATH AFFECTED HIS MIND?

HE IS NOW ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN ON EARTH! YET HE LOOKS AS IF HE HAD LOST... *EVERYTHING!*

IN HIS SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, A FACE BEGINS TO APPEAR...

IT'S THE OLD FAKIR DAD ANGERED IN INDIA THAT TIME! *HE* HAS DONE THIS TERRIBLE THING TO ME!

JIM DECIDES WHAT HE MUST DO...

I WILL RETURN TO INDIA... AND FIND THE OLD MAN. BUT BEFORE I LEAVE THERE IS SOMETHING MY CHEMICAL EXPERTS MUST MAKE FOR ME!

CHEMICAL RESEARCH

ONE WEEK LATER...

WE'VE DONE WHAT HE ASKED. A SUIT THAT WILL STRETCH TO MANY TIMES ITS SIZE. BUT *WHY* DOES HE WANT SUCH A THING, I WONDER?

A RUBBER SUIT... FOR A RUBBER *MAN!*

THEN...

WITH ALL THAT THERE IS FOR HIM TO DO HERE, HE DECIDES TO GO AWAY — TO *INDIA* OF ALL PLACES!

BUT ON THE WAY TO THE AIRPORT, THE WHEELS OF FATE TAKE ANOTHER TURN...

YOU CAN'T GET THROUGH THIS WAY!

IT'S GETTING WORSE. THE FLAMES ARE KEEPING THE FIREMEN BACK!

HOTEL

SUDDENLY, THROUGH THE SMOKE, THEY SEE...

*LOOK!* THERE'S A MAN UP THERE!

HE'S TRAPPED! THERE'S NO WAY DOWN! AND THE FIREMEN CAN'T GET TO HIM!

JIM SPRINGS FROM HIS CAR...

ANY SECOND NOW THE ROOF WILL COLLAPSE! THERE'S NO HOPE FOR HIM!

*NO!* HE HAS *ONE HOPE* OF SURVIVAL... *ME!*

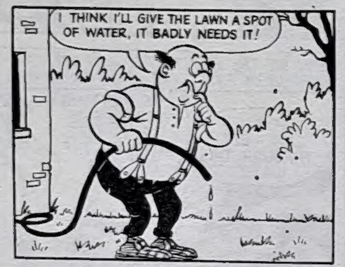
THE CROWD GASPS AS THE RUBBERMAN LEAPS...

I MUST BE OUT OF MY MIND! I'M SEEING THINGS! THAT CAN'T POSSIBLY HAPPEN!

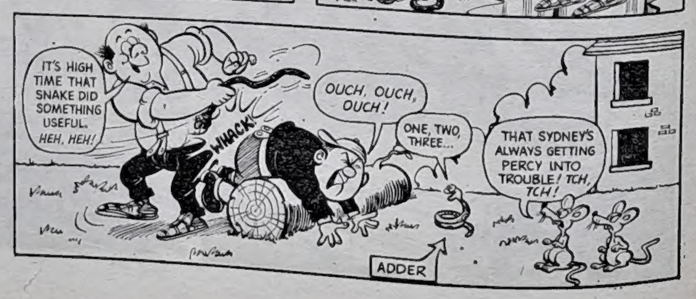
*LOOK! LOOK!*

YOU'LL HARDLY BELIEVE *YOUR* EYES WHEN YOU GASP AT THE BREATHTAKING RISKS *THE RUBBERMAN* HAS *GOT* TO TAKE! SEE NEXT WEEK!

# Percy's Pets



IT WAS SYDNEY'S FAULT, DAD, NOT MINE. I DIDN'T TELL HIM TO DO IT.
IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU, THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY SYDNEY. WHY MUST YOU PICK STUPID PETS?


IT'S HIGH TIME THAT SNAKE DID SOMETHING USEFUL. HEH, HEH!
WHACK!
OUCH, OUCH, OUCH!
ONE, TWO, THREE...
THAT SYDNEY'S ALWAYS GETTING PERCY INTO TROUBLE! TCH, TCH!
ADDER

MEET...

# Mister Knowall

**He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!**

## WATER LICKED!

**Take a glass of water and a large handkerchief. Place the handkerchief over the glass, then tell a friend that you will drink the water without touching the handkerchief. After a while he will become impatient when you appear to be making no attempt to drink the water. Invite him to look in the glass. As soon as *he* lifts off the handkerchief you take the glass and drink the water—without having touched the handkerchief!**

**Why is a lampshade like a flower pot?**
**Because they both hold bulbs**

It's a strange thought. A day breaks but never falls. Yet a night falls but never breaks.

## THE EGG AND YOU

Here's a little curiosity. You wouldn't think you could write on the white of an egg without taking off the shell, would you? But it can be done. Mix a little alum with some vinegar and, using this as ink, write a message on the shell of the egg. Now boil the egg and let it cool for a few hours. Then when you peel off the shell you will find that the message has soaked through to the white of the egg.

Sent in by Neil Attfield, of Kirby Maylow, Leicester.

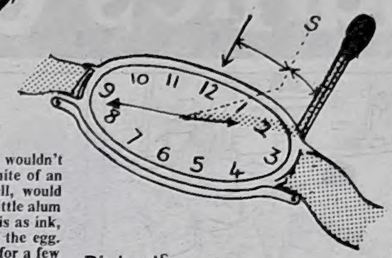
**Some worms in Australia are twelve feet long. Fine for the anglers but a bit of a mouthful for the tiddlers.**

Diner: "There's no chicken in this chicken pie."
Waiter: "Sorry, sir. But then you wouldn't expect to find a dog in a dog biscuit, would you?"

Sent in by Jane Creighton, of North Arbury, Cambridge.

**It once rained snakes and frogs in Durban, South Africa. Weather men said they must have been picked up inland by a freak storm and carried across country by a violent air current.**

*What did the man say when he found a pair of odd socks in his suitcase?*
*"That's funny. I've got another pair just like this at home."*



## Bird call

Are you any good at imitating bird noises? Probably not. But here's a way which seems to fool even other birds. All you need is a bottle and a cork, which you dip into water and then rub up and down the side of the bottle. You can achieve different bird calls by just dampening the cork a little more or by letting it dry out a little more. Hide behind a bush while you are making your 'bird calls' and you will be surprised how many birds hop in your direction with their heads on one side wondering just which birds are making the calls!

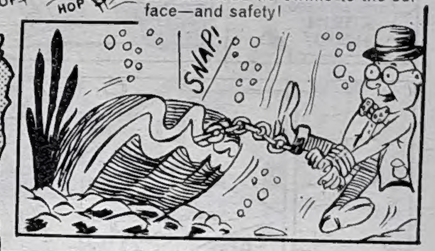
## COMPASS POINT

Got a watch but no compass? Here's a handy way you can use your watch as a compass. You need only a match stick or something like it and to have the sun shining! Hold the watch horizontally, face upwards. Place the match upright against the edge of the watch at the point on the rim of the glass opposite the point of the hour hand and turn the watch round until it is in such a position that the shadow of the match falls along the hour hand as shown in our drawing. This means the hour hand is pointing at a spot on the horizon immediately under the sun. The south is exactly midway between that point and the figure 12 on the dial of your watch.

**A man's wealth in New Guinea is not measured by the money he has in the bank. It's the number of feathers which count. Birds of paradise feathers are most in demand.**

## THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

Taking a deep breath as he sinks to the bottom of the lake, our agent drops the ball into the clam's gaping mouth. As the razor-sharp mouth snaps shut it breaks the chain, freeing the agent from the iron ball. He then cuts his bonds on the clam's sharp shell. Hurling a rock at the octopus, he causes it to spurt out the cloud of black ink such creatures hide in for defence. Under cover of the ink cloud he swims to the surface—and safety!




# BE A SMASHER - WRITE TO SMASH!

GOOD ADVICE DEPARTMENT. If you're wise you'll hang on to this copy of SMASH after you've read it. Tuck it away in a safe place. Because we've got a hunch that in time to come this issue of SMASH is going to become a collector's item, worth a good bit more than the sevenpence you paid for it. And the reason is that this issue carries the first appearance of THE HULK! The Big Feller is going to be around for a long time and a lot of people are going to be talking about him. But they won't all be able to say, like you, that they've got a copy of the very first number one HULK adventure! Don't send in your thanks—it's all part of the service.

Dear Smash,
Three of my friends and me all read SMASH every week and we want to form a club. Would you mind if we called ourselves The Smash Club?
John Cooper,
Colyton, Devon.

*On one condition only, John—that you make us both honorary members of the club.*
*Alf and Cos.*

Dear Smash,
I have bought SMASH ever since it first came out and it's a good comic. But my brother and I both think it would be better if it had more funny things in it.
Joyce Levins,
Ambleside, Westmorland.

Dear Smash,
I like Smash but I think you waste a lot of space by putting in so many funny strips. Why can't we have more sets like the Legend Testers?
Robert Keene,
Ipswich.

*See how it is, Joyce and Robert—We just can't please everyone! Although one reader wrote in and said he thought "Brian's Brain" was a funny sort of story. We're still trying to work out what he meant.*

**Keep writing, Smiling Smashers, and tell us what you like and what you don't like about SMASH. And in the meantime, keep buying SMASH, because if you don't there won't be any SMASH and we'll each have to take a crummy job on some other comic which isn't half as good!**

## 10/- for Knowalls

***Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win 10/-. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.***

**My favourite feature in SMASH is:**

**The Feature I don't like is:**

**My age is:**

**To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,**
**64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

# Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE!

PLEASE, MISSUS — CAN I HAVE MY BALL BACK?

GRR! BE OFF WITH YOU! I'M KEEPING YOUR BALL! IT CAN'T BREAK MY FLOWERS IF I HAVE IT!

BAH! NO MORE FOOTBALL FOR ME TODAY! LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON THE TELLY!

W-WOW! IT'S MY HERO! ROBIN HOOD!

CAN YOU GET MY BALL BACK FOR ME, ROBIN? IT'S IN NASTY NELLIE NICHOLSON'S GARDEN!

LEAVE IT TO ME, CHARLIE! I CAN DO ANYTHING WITH A BOW AND ARROW!

HUH! YOU MISSED! THOUGHT YOU NEVER MISSED?

WHO MISSED?

YEOW!

YOU'D BETTER GET BACK IN THE TELLY NOW!

FOUR HUNDRED QUID! BEEN QUITE A GOOD DAY!

ERK!

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE, SIR!

YOU POOR, UNFORTUNATE MAN— TAKE THIS!

OH, NO! ROBIN'S ROBBING THE RICH TO GIVE TO THE POOR! GULP!

HELP! HELP! POLICE!

RIGHT THEN, M'LAD! CAN'T GO ABOUT IN FANCY DRESS ROBBIN' PEOPLE, YOU KNOW! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

ROBIN HOOD!

P-P-P.C. NARK!

ROBIN HOOD? NONE OF YOUR CHEEK, LAD! YOU JOKERS ARE ALWAYS TELLING ME YOU'RE NAPOLEON OR SOMETHING!

B-BUT IT'S TRUE!

YOU CAN TELL THAT TO THE JUDGE!

I SAY! THERE'S THAT BLOKE WHO HELPED ME! HE'S BEEN PINCHED!

YAROOO!

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER!

FZZZZZ

QUICK, ROBIN! BACK IN THE TELLY BEFORE HE NABS YOU AGAIN!

HELP! P.C. NARK'S COME BACK DOWN ON THE TELLY!

CRASH!

OH, NO! IT'S BUST, ROBIN! YOU CAN'T GET BACK IN!

COME ON, ROBIN! HURRY! YOU'LL HAVE TO COME WITH ME!

SSSH, ROBIN! QUIETLY DOES IT! DON'T LET MUM HEAR US!

I HOPE YOU GET THAT TELLY FIXED, CHARLIE! I DON'T FANCY LIVING IN 1966! THAT P.C. NARK'S WORSE THAN THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM!

ONLY A TEMPORARY BREAK IN THE PROGRAMME, READERS — YOU'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO ROBIN NEXT WEEK!

# QUEEN OF THE SEAS

SOMEWHERE AT SEA...

BAH! SEA-SQUIRTS AND BOILED BARNACLES AGAIN!

DON'T YELL AT ME! IF YOU HADN'T LEFT THE HATCH OPEN, ALL OUR GRUB WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SUCKED OUT BY THAT WHIRLWIND!

HERE! PACK IT IN! WHO WANTS FLIPPIN' CORN-FLAKES WITH SEA-SQUIRTS AN' BARNACLES?

PLOP!

THOSE AREN'T CORNFLAKES, MISTER MATE, THEY'RE FLAKES OF WHITE-WASH CURLING OFF THE CEILING. THIS WHOLE BOAT NEEDS A REPAINT, SO YOU CAN GET CRACKING AFTER LUNCH!

SAUCE

SO BERT STARTS SPLATTING...

DOH-H! ME TUMMY! THAT ROTTEN FOOD!

PURPLE

AT THE OTHER END OF THE CABIN ROOF...

SIGH! NOW TO GET MYSELF A MANLY TAN!

SUN TAN

BUT WHILE ENOCH DREAMS AND STEAMS IN THE SUN...

SPLATT! SPLOPP!

SIGH!

PLOP

...A PURPLE PAINT-STORM BLOWS UP!

HALF-AN-HOUR LATER...

YOO-HOO! CAPTAIN! IT'S FINISHED! COME AN' SEE!

Z-Z-Z-Z

-ER-EH! WASSAT?

ZIP

EE-EEK! IT'S THE DREADED 'PURPLE SPLOTCH'!

KEEP AWAY! IT'S CATCHING!

IT'LL RUN RIOT THROUGHOUT THE SHIP!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

HELP! S.O.S.!

WORRIED, CAPTAIN DRIP STUMBLES INTO THE CABIN...

AWLK! I HAVE GOT IT! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT SEA-SQUIRT LUNCH!

CRACK!

HELP! BERTRAM! WHERE'S THE 'MARINER'S MEDICAL MANUAL'?

-COME AND HELP ME! GIBBER!

NOT 'TIL I'VE BIN DISINFECTED! SPRAY SOME 'ANTI-GERM' UP THE CHIMNEY, THEN I'LL COME DOWN!

-HISS-S-S-S-S

WHEW! SNIFF-SNIFF! RIGHT, CAP'N! YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A NURSE.

GIBBER! GIBBER!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

EE-EEK! THE SPLOTTS ARE JOININ' UP! I'LL BE PURPLE ALL OVER! HURRY!

'PREPARE A MIXTURE OF HOT OATMEAL ...

...AND APPLY IT TO THE PATIENT'S HEAD WHILE HOT'!

AGH-H!

HISS!

SWISH!

SPLUDGE!

BLUB

-THERE! IS THAT BETTER?

NEXT, IT SAYS:-'PUT PATIENT IN PERMANENT DARKNESS...'

AGH! ERK! EEK!

THAT MEANS SAWIN' OFF THE FUNNEL!

BERT NOW DRAPES 'QUEENIE' IN A HUGE TARPAULIN TO KEEP THE LIGHT OUT...

ERK! GIBBER! THE NEXT STAGE OF THE CURE IS TO SWALLOW HALF A TON OF WHALE FAT!

OKAY! OKAY! STOP FLAPPIN'! GASP! WHEEZE! I'LL SET COURSE FOR THE ARCTIC CIRCLE!

TUG!

TWO MONTHS LATER, BERT ACCIDENTLY STUMBLES UPON THE ARCTIC SEA...

?

COUGH-COUGH! I THINK WE'RE THERE, CAPTAIN! THAT MOULDY OAT-MEAL ON YOUR HEAD HAS FROZEN SOLID!

WHEEZE! GASP!

COUGH! COUGH! GASP!

MEANWHILE, ENOCH AND BERTIE AREN'T THE ONLY WHALE HUNTERS IN THE AREA...

THAR' SHE BLOWS! HUMPBACKED WHALE DEAD AHEAD!

WHALER

WHEEZE! COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!

INSIDE THE 'WHALE'...

HURRY UP WITH THAT SPEAR! I'LL TAKE A LOOK-OUT FOR WHALES!

COUGH!

COUGH! COUGH!

BUT THE CREW OF THE WHALE-CATCHER ARE ONE JUMP AHEAD!

HARPOON AWAY!

I'VE FINISHED THE HARPOON, CAPTAIN! HERE, CATCH!

PHEW! I'M GLAD I'M NOT A WHALE! IMAGINE GETTING A DIRTY GREAT HARPOON LIKE THAT STUCK IN YOUR SIDE!

COUGH! COUGH! GASP!

WAILS OF LAUGHTER IN NEXT WEEK'S SCREAMING EPISODE...!

# DANGER MOUSE

SECRET AGENT

STAGE DOOR

HEY! STOP, THIEF!

HEH! HEH!

GRAND THEATRE

MILK

DARN CAT! ALWAYS STEALIN' MY MILK!

GRAND THEATRE

DON'T WORRY, MATE! I'LL GET YOUR MILK BACK!

HEH! HEH! I'LL TRAP THAT HORRIBLE RODENT AT THE SAME TIME!

MILK

THIS WILL COME IN USEFUL!

SEEDS

MILK

FLOWER SH

HEH! HOW'S THAT FOR POTTING A MOUSE?

YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THAT CAT FOR TRYING! BUT HE WON'T STOP DANGER MOUSE!

SOON BE HOME— THEN I CAN DRINKA THIS PINTA!

THANKS FOR THE LIFT, MATE!

WHAM!

AAGH!

MY! THAT WAS MARVELLOUS, DANGER MOUSE! I SAW THE WHOLE THING!

AND I DIDN'T FEEL A THING— THANKS TO THIS HELMET!

CALL ROUND THIS EVENING AT THE THEATRE AND I'LL REWARD YOU!

RIGHT! SEE YOU, MATE!

THAT EVENING...

DRESSING ROOM

KNOCK! KNOCK!

IT'S ME— DANGER MOUSE!

EEEEK!

AH! IT'S ALL RIGHT!

IT'S ONLY ME! I PLAY A CAT IN THE SHOW!

HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR CHEESE!

WELL, WELL, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D EVER BE FRIENDLY WITH A CAT!

STARRING...

# THE HULK

PART 1

## "the TERROR of the TOAD MEN"

LIKE A SAVAGE, MARAUDING MONSTER FROM SOME MAD NETHER WORLD, THE FRIGHTENING FIGURE OF ***THE HULK*** SUDDENLY APPEARS FROM OUT OF THE MURKY SWAMP, AND OUR MIND-STAGGERING ADVENTURE BEGINS!!

GET OFF THE STREETS! ***LOCK YOUR DOORS!***

THE ***HULK*** IS ALIVE!

HE'S HEADIN' ***THIS WAY!***

***THE HULK!!***

I ***THOUGHT*** I HEARD SOMEONE CRASHING THROUGH THE UNDER-BRUSH! BETTER SEE WHO-- WHO--OH, NO! ***NO!***

IT'S THE ***HULK!!***

***HE'S STILL ALIVE!*** I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT TO TOWN... GOT TO WARN THE OTHERS!

QUICK, BOBBY! HURRY, TOMMY! ***INSIDE!*** HURRY! ***HURRY!***

THE STREETS ARE ***EMPTY!*** IT LOOKS LIKE A ***GHOST TOWN***... EXCEPT FOR THE TROOPERS!

***LISTEN!!*** THAT HEAVY HORRIBLE THUDDING!! IT'S COMING CLOSER! IT MUST BE... ***HIM!!***

THERE HE ***IS!*** ***IT'S THE HULK!***

***QUICK!*** PUT THE TRUCK IN HIGH GEAR! RAM IT RIGHT ***INTO*** HIM! ***NOW!***

MORE OVER THE PAGE, SMASHERS.

IT--IT'S LIKE HITTING A BRICK WALL!!

HERE COME THE TROOPERS! THEY'LL GET 'IM!

HOLD ON TO HIM! DON'T LET HIM CRASH THROUGH THE BARRIER!

HOLD HIM?? HOW??

LOOK OUT!!

BACK!! GET BACK!!

THERE'S NO STOPPING HIM!

BUT THEN, JUST WHEN IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE ENTIRE TOWN IS ABOUT TO BE SHATTERED BY THE DEMONIACAL MIGHT OF THE HULK, ONE SMALL FIGURE BREAKS FREE OF THE TROOPERS AND CRIES...

HULK! IT'S ME, RICK JONES! HULK--LISTEN TO ME!

SLOWLY, DANGEROUSLY, THE GIANT MENACE TURNS, AS EVERY FIBRE OF HIS BEING STILL ACHES TO LASH OUT--TO SMASH, AND DESTROY!

THAT'S IT, HULK! EASY--TAKE IT EASY--FOLLOW ME! I'LL LEAD YOU TO SAFETY!

BUT, AS THE TWO DRAMATIC FIGURES FADE INTO THE DARKNESS, LET US GO BACK A FEW WEEKS! LET US BRIEFLY EXPLAIN HOW THE HULK CAME TO BE.

RUN, YOU YOUNG FOOL! THE GAMMA RAY BOMB IS ABOUT TO EXPLODE!

HUH? WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, MISTER?

RICK JONES, A REBELLIOUS TEENAGER, HAD ACCIDENTALLY ENTERED AN ATOMIC TESTING AREA AT THE FINAL SECONDS OF THE COUNT-DOWN! AND THEN...

IN AN EFFORT TO SAVE THE BOY, DR. BRUCE BANNER, FAMOUS SCIENTIST IN CHARGE OF THE TEST, HAD HURLED RICK TO SAFETY, ONLY TO CATCH THE FULL IMPACT OF THE MYSTERIOUS GAMMA RAYS HIMSELF!

BY A SEEMING MIRACLE, DR. BANNER WAS BROUGHT BACK TO THE BASE STILL ALIVE! BUT HE KNEW THAT DEEP INSIDE OF HIM, SOMETHING HAD--CHANGED!

AND THE CHANGE FIRST SHOWED ITSELF AN HOUR LATER, AS THE SUN SET AND DARKNESS FELL!

OHHH...

WHA--WHAT'S WRONG, DOC?

ARGGH!

FOR THE FALL OF DARKNESS WAS DESTINED TO BRING WITH IT THE STRANGEST PHENOMENON OF ALL TIME...AT THE CLOSE OF DAY, DR. BRUCE BANNER TURNED INTO--THE HULK!

WHERE DOCTOR BANNER HAD BEEN GENTLE, THE HULK WAS A BRUTE! WHERE BANNER HAD BEEN CIVILIZED, THE HULK WAS A SAVAGE! WHERE BANNER WAS A MAN, THE HULK WAS A MONSTER! A MONSTER OF SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH, DUE TO THE GAMMA RAYS WHICH COURSED THROUGH HIS MIGHTY FRAME!

BUT, WITH THE COMING OF DAWN, THE THING THAT WAS THE HULK, VANISHED, AND BRUCE BANNER RETURNED TO NORMAL, KNOWING THAT HE WAS DESTINED FOREVER TO BE TWO PEOPLE--BY DAY, A MILD-MANNERED INTELLECTUAL--BUT BY NIGHT, THE MOST DANGEROUS MENACE THE WORLD HAD EVER KNOWN!

YOU MUST LEAVE ME, RICK! WHEN I AM THE HULK, I CANNOT CONTROL MYSELF! I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE MY VICTIM WHEN NIGHT FALLS!

NOT A CHANCE, DOC! YOU SAVED MY LIFE ONCE, AND I'M STICKIN' TILL THE END! BESIDES, YOU NEED ME! BECAUSE WHEN YOU'RE THE HULK, EVERY HUMAN ON EARTH WILL BE OUT TO DESTROY YOU!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BOY! THERE'LL BE NO PLACE FOR ME TO HIDE--NO PLACE TO TURN! IT--IT WILL BE THE HULK AGAINST ALL MANKIND!

AND NOW, BACK TO THE PRESENT... EVEN AS RICK JONES LEADS THE HULK AWAY FROM THE TOWN HE HAS PILLAGED, AN UNEARTHLY SPACECRAFT THUNDERS INTO OUR SOLAR SYSTEM! PROPELLED BY A MAGNETIC SOURCE OF POWER FAR BEYOND THE COMPREHENSION OF HUMAN BEINGS, THE TOAD MEN HAVE COME!

WE ARE WITHIN SIGHT OF OUR OBJECTIVE! SWITCH ON THE MAGNETIC GRAPPLERS.

AS YOU COMMAND, SIRE!

TRAVELLING AT INCALCULABLE SPEED, TWIN BEAMS OF SHEER MAGNETIC ENERGY STRIKE THE UNSUSPECTING EARTH, DRAWN TO THEIR TARGET BY A SCIENCE FAR MORE ADVANCED THAN OUR OWN!

IT IS DONE! OUR GRAPPLERS HAVE FOCUSED ON THE MOST BRILLIANT SCIENTIFIC BRAIN ON EARTH, ACCORDING TO OUR COMMAND!

LET US LAND AND SEIZE HIM! WE SHALL EASILY FORCE HIM TO TELL US HOW FAR ADVANCED THE PRIMITIVE EARTHLY SCIENCES ARE! THEN WE SHALL BE ABLE TO ACCURATELY PREPARE FOR OUR MASS ATTACK!

THE MAGNETIC MIND-DETECTOR WILL LEAD US STRAIGHT TO OUR VICTIM!

WHAT CHANCE DO THE PUNY EARTHLINGS HAVE AGAINST OUR INVINCIBLE MAGNETIC POWERS..!

AT THAT MOMENT, BRUCE BANNER AND RICK JONES ARE INTERRUPTED AS THEY SET OUT TO PERFORM A STRANGE TASK!

IT'S GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS AND HIS DAUGHTER BETTY!

BRUCE! I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU! EVER SINCE THE HULK ESCAPED!

HRRMPH! NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT HIM! THAT MILKSOP WILL FIND A SAFE PLACE TO HIDE WHENEVER DANGER THREATENS!

DON'T MIND DAD, BRUCE! HE HAS NO RESPECT FOR ANYBODY WHO ISN'T A MILITARY MAN!

BETTY, YOU KNOW I'M A SCIENTIST, NOT A MAN OF ACTION! AS FOR THE HULK, I'VE TOLD YOU--YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT ME! HE WOULDN'T WASTE TIME TRYING TO HURT A "MILKSOP" LIKE ME!

WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH ALL THAT EQUIPMENT?

OFF TO CONDUCT A LITTLE SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH! SEE YOU WHEN WE RETURN!

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU SEE IN A WEAKLING LIKE HIM, BETTY!

BUT THUNDERBOLT ROSS WOULD HAVE CHANGED HIS OPINION SHARPLY IF HE KNEW OF BRUCE BANNER'S REAL DESTINATION--

THIS IS IT, RICK! IT'S A LONELY UNDERGROUND CAVE I DISCOVERED! IT'LL BE PERFECT FOR OUR PURPOSE!

GOSH, DOC! WHAT IF THIS DOESN'T WORK?

IT'S GOT TO WORK, RICK! IT'S GOT TO!

THIS NATURAL OUTCROPPING UNDER THE LAKE IS LIKE AN INDESTRUCTABLE FORTRESS! IT IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND ANY ASSAULT!

SO, LET US HOPE IT WILL BE STRONG ENOUGH TO IMPRISON THE HULK EACH NIGHT!

BUT, DOC, YOU CAN'T LOCK YOURSELF IN HERE EVERY NIGHT FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT TWO PAGES—

# THE NERVS

IN FATTY'S STOMACH...

THIS BIN'S OVERFLOWING! THE DUSTBIN NERVS HAVEN'T COME THIS WEEK! THEY'VE BEEN TOO BUSY COLLECTING DANDRUFF OFF FATTY'S HEAD.

STOMACH RUBBISH ROOM

THIS IS THE BEST WAY TO GET RID OF RUBBISH! BURN IT!

BUT ON FATTY'S TONGUE...

HELP!—THOSE STOMACH NERVES ARE BURNING RUBBISH AGAIN! WHAT A SMELL! OPEN THE MOUTH QUICKLY AND LET IT OUT!

PONG!

THE SOONER I GET FATTY'S MOUTH OPEN, THE SOONER WE GET RID OF THAT SMELL!

PHEW! YOUR BREATH SMELLS AWFUL, FATTY. YOU SHOULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

PONG!

I'LL TRY THIS STOMACH POWDER! IT USUALLY GETS RID OF BAD SMELLS IN YOUR BREATH!

HELP! THE ROTTER! HE'S PUT OUR FIRE OUT!

FIZZLE! PHSSS!

BY JINGO, THAT DIDN'T HALF WORK QUICKLY! MY BREATH DOESN'T SMELL NOW!

WE'LL FIX OLD FATTY!... WE'LL DIRECT ALL THE LIQUID THAT COMES DOWN THE CHUTE AWAY FROM OUR FIRE!

LET'S SEE HIM PUT OUR FIRE OUT NOW! HE CAN'T GET WATER TO US BECAUSE THE CHUTE LEADS AWAY FROM HERE! HEH! HEH!

PHEW! MY BREATH'S BAD AGAIN! HOW DID THAT HAPPEN? I'D BETTER TAKE SOME MORE OF THAT POWDER!

THIS'LL SOON GET RID OF IT!

BUBBLE! FIZZ!

OH YEAH?

HEH! HEH! THAT WON'T PUT OUR FIRE OUT THIS TIME! THERE SHE GOES, LADS! POOR OLD FATTY DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST US BRILLIANT GUYS!

NICE DAY FOR A STROLL DOWN THE A6. DOESN'T LOOK LIKE RAIN AT ALL. JUST THE JOB!

STOMACH

ARTERY 6

STOMACH

SPLOSH!

AAAGH! GASP! W-WH-WHAT'S HAPPENED?

GRR! I'LL BET THAT WAS THOSE STOMACH TWERPS! THEY'RE ALWAYS UP TO MISCHIEF! I'M SOAKED THROUGH AND THROUGH!

SMASH!

BREAK GLASS IN CASE OF FIRE

I'LL TEACH THEM A LESSON!

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

FIRE! FIRE! IN THERE! HURRY!

FIRE SERVICE

HELP! THEY'VE PUT OUR FIRE OUT! HOW DID THEY GET HERE?

AAH! MY BAD BREATH'S GONE AGAIN! TOOK LONGER THAT TIME—MUST HAVE BEEN DELAYED ACTION, BUT IT'S GONE ANYWAY!

STOMACH

HELLO, THERE'S NO BIN OUTSIDE THE STOMACH DEPT! MUST BE EMPTY! THEY CAN'T HAVE ANY STUFF TO COLLECT!

Graham Allen

BUT THE STOMACH NERVS' DUSTBIN ISN'T EMPTY—IT'S FULL OF FRED.....

GRR! GET OUR FIRE PUT OUT, WOULD YOU? WE'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON!

SPLUDGE!

SPLAT!

IT'S A HARD LIFE!

I'VE GOT TO, RICK! UNTIL I FIND A WAY TO STOP FROM CHANGING INTO THE HULK!

BUT NOW, LET'S TEST THE DOOR! I'VE ARRANGED THE BALANCES SO THAT YOUR ONE EASY PUSH WILL ROLL IT INTO PLACE!

IT'S SOLID CONCRETE, TEN-FEET THICK! EVEN THE *HULK* WON'T BE ABLE TO BREAK OUT OF HERE!

THERE! WE'VE CHECKED IT, AND IT WORKS! NOW IT'S UP TO *YOU*, RICK! EACH DAY, AT TWILIGHT, YOU'VE GOT TO LOCK ME IN THERE!

AND I'LL RELEASE YOU EVERY MORNING! DON'T WORRY, DOC! I'LL NEVER LET YOU DOWN!

BUT SUDDENLY, UNEXPECTEDLY, AT THAT VERY INSTANT, AN EERIE WHINE FILLS THE DANK UNDERSEA CHAMBER, AND THE TWO STARTLED MEN ARE HURLED BACKWARDS, LIKE FEATHERS IN A GALE!

WOOOOOOOOO

RICK! SOMETHING IS PINNING US TO THE WALL! SOMETHING OF UNIMAGINABLE MAGNETIC POWER! BUT--*WHAT??*

DOC, *LOOK!* IN THE SHADOWS AHEAD! COMING TOWARDS US! THEY-- THEY LOOK LIKE GIANT, HUMAN *TOADS!!*

HELPLESS IN THE GRIP OF THE STRANGE MAGNETIC RAY, BRUCE AND RICK ARE TAKEN FROM THEIR UNDERGROUND CHAMBER TO THE INTERIOR OF A NEARBY SPACE SHIP AND FLOATED INSIDE LIKE SO MUCH LIMP BAGGAGE!

DO NOT STRUGGLE AND YOU WILL NOT BE INJURED--*YET!* YOU ARE POWERLESS AGAINST OUR MAGNETIC RAY GUNS!

WE HAVE CAPTURED THE GREATEST MIND ON EARTH, AS WE PLANNED! NOW *BLAST OFF!* LET US SEEK SAFETY IN ORBIT AROUND EARTH!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE MIGHTY SHIP...

DOC! WHO ARE THEY? *WHAT* ARE THEY? WHAT'S HAPPENIN' TO US *NOW?*

WE'RE IN FREE FALL, RICK!

GREETINGS, CAPTIVES! I AM TORRAK, CAPTAIN OF SHIP! YOU ARE MY PRISONERS!

WE ARE THE *TOAD MEN*, FROM OUTER SPACE! OUTSIDE YOUR ATMOSPHERE, THE MAIN BODY OF OUR INVINCIBLE FLEET WAITS TO ATTACK EARTH! BUT FIRST WE WANT TO LEARN HOW ADVANCED YOU ARE, SCIENTIFICALLY! AND THAT IS WHAT *YOU* WILL TELL US!

YOU DARE NOT REFUSE! FOR AT MY COMMAND, OUR MAGNETIC REPULSION RAYS CAN MAKE ENTIRE EARTH CITIES FLY OFF INTO SPACE IN THE WINK OF AN EYE!

"WITH THE INCALCULABLE POWER OF MAGNETIC FORCE AT OUR COMMAND, WE CAN EMPTY YOUR OCEANS...

"BY *REVERSING* OUR MAGNETIC FORCE, WE CAN ROOT YOUR PEOPLE TO THE GROUND, MAKING THEM UNABLE TO MOVE!"

*SO!* WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT I WISH TO KNOW, OR...

*NEVER!* NO MATTER *HOW* YOU THREATEN!

WITLESS STRIPLING! WE HAVE NO NEED OF *YOU!* IT IS THE *OTHER'S* BRAIN WE REQUIRE! AS FOR *YOU* --BACK TO YOUR MISERABLE PLANET!

WITH A POWER FAR EXCEEDING ANY KNOWN ON EARTH, AT A FLICK OF A FINGER, THE TOAD MAN HURLS RICK JONES BACK TO EARTH IN A MAGNETICALLY-GUIDED PLASTIC ESCAPE CYLINDER!

HE LANDED SAFELY! BUT WHAT OF *EARTH??* WHAT CHANCE DO WE HAVE AGAINST A RACE WITH SUCH FANTASTIC MAGNETIC POWERS? WHAT--*WAIT!* WE'RE REACHING THE DARK SIDE OF EARTH! IT'S BECOMING --*NIGHT!*

DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN! NOT *NOW!* PLEASE--*NOT NOW!*

NO--*NO!*

*ARGHHH!*

WHERE *AM I?? WHY AM I LOCKED IN HERE??*

MEANWHILE...

NOW THAT THE BOY IS GONE, IT WILL BE EASIER TO HANDLE THE HUMAN!

LET US RETURN TO HIS CHAMBER AND *FORCE* HIM TO TALK!

CONTINUED OVER—

BY NOW, THE HUMAN SHOULD BE WILLING TO TELL US *ANYTHING!* HE SHOULD-- WHA--??!!

WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE *IS* IT?

NO MATTER! *DESTROY IT!*

YOU DARE ATTACK THE *HULK*??!

NOW *YOU* TASTE THE STING OF YOUR WEAPON!

WITH STAGGERING FORCE, THE MAGNETIC STUN GUN SCATTERS THE TOAD MEN LIKE TEN PINS!

LIKE A CHILD CARRYING RAG DOLLS, THE POWERFUL *HULK* HURLS THE ALIENS INTO A WINDOWLESS CHAMBER IN THE SHIP, AND THEN...

I WILL LOCK YOU IN HERE WHILE *I* TAKE CONTROL OF THE SHIP!

THESE WEAPONS... THEY MAKE *OUR* ARMS LOOK LIKE PEA SHOOTERS!

WITH THIS FLYING DREADNAUGHT UNDER ME, I CAN WIPE OUT ALL MANKIND! NOW THE HULK WILL BE THE *HUNTER* INSTEAD OF THE *HUNTED!*

MEANWHILE, MILES BELOW, AT A U.S. ANTI-MISSILE BASE...

IF YOUR RADAR SHOWS AN UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT ABOVE US, *SHOOT IT DOWN,* MAN! WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'RE *HERE* FOR?

WITHIN SECONDS, AMERICA'S MIGHTY DEFENCE ROCKETS ARE ALERTED AS FANTASTICALLY SENSITIVE ELECTRONIC DEVICES AIM THEM RIGHT AT THE TOADMEN'S SHIP!

THREE SECONDS... TWO SECONDS... ONE--

WHILE ONE LONE TEEN-AGE FIGURE VAINLY TRIES TO STOP THE DEADLY HUNTER MISSILES!

NO! *NO!* DOCTOR BANNER IS ABOARD THE SPACE SHIP! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP! DON'T FIRE! *DON'T!*

BUT THE FRENZIED CRY OF ONE BOY CANNOT HALT AMERICA'S MIGHTIEST DEFENCE WEAPONS, AS THEY RISE LIKE SILENT AVENGERS INTO THE AWESOME SUBSTATOSPHERE!

WITHIN STRIKING RANGE OF THE SPACE SHIP, THEY DROP THEIR BOOSTERS BACK TO EARTH AS THE MIGHTY WARHEADS ZERO IN ON THEIR TARGET!

AND THEN--THE DREAD MOMENT OF *IMPACT!*

SHUNNED AND FEARED BY MANKIND, HOUNDED DOWN LIKE A SAVAGE BEAST, IS THIS TO BE THE END OF *THE HULK'S* BRIEF LIFE? WE THINK NOT, FOR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE THERE'S A LONG LONG INSTALMENT AND WHO DOES IT FEATURE? THAT'S RIGHT, YOU GUESSED IT— *THE HULK!!*

# BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1966

AMMO

NEWSAGENT

DELIVERY BOY WANTED

HEY! I COULD DELIVER PAPERS AND GET THE MONEY FOR A SUPER REPEATING WATER PISTOL!

NEWSAGENT

HURRY ALONG, PENNY! THE PAPERS ARE LATE TODAY!

ZOOM!

I'LL DELIVER 'EM FAST, MR MUDDLE, DON'T YOU WORRY!

MORNING, MR BLOGGS! HERE'S YOUR PAPER!

HEY! DON'T THROW—

GLUG!

GOOD CATCH, MR BLOGGS!

WHERE'S THE NEWSPAPER? I ALWAYS HAVE IT ON THE TABLE!

COMING UP!

YIPE!

SPLAT!

THERE YOU ARE—RIGHT ON THE TABLE!

EEK!

A PERFECT JOB!

HERE'S YOUR PAPER, MR FIDGET! CATCH!

WET PAINT

COO! LUCKY I'VE GOT MY SKATES ON!

ZOOM!

!!!

WET PAINT

WHEE! THIS IS MORE FUN THAN BOWLING!

BLAM!

HEY, PENNY! SWOP YOUR SKATES FOR MY POGO STICK!

AFTER TWENTY YEARS I'VE GROWN A PERFECT CROWNING GLORY! IT'LL WIN ALL THE PRIZES!

HOP!

YOUR PAPER, MR GREENFINGER!

MY CROWNING GLORY! YOU'LL GET CROWNED WHEN I CATCH YOU, PENNY!

HOP!

GOSH! HE DOESN'T APPRECIATE MY SPEEDY SERVICE!

LOOK OUT!

WHOOPS!

AAGH! MY NEW PATH!

CEMENT

CRASH!

TINKLE!

THE LAST PAPER! OH-OH! HERE COMES TROUBLE!

LOOK OUT, MR MUDDLE! ANGRY CUSTOMERS!

WHAM!

AAGH! YOU'RE BREAKING UP MY SHOP!

WHACK!

OOH! OW! OUCH!

WAIT YOUR TURN, YOU LOT! I'VE JUST FOUND A GOOD USE FOR AN OLD NEWSPAPER!

# THE FEAST OF THE TROLLS

DEEP BELOW DEATH CASTLE, THE HUNGRY TROLLS SIT DOWN TO A FEAST!

YOU CAN'T EAT US ALIVE!

THE CHIEF TROLL GRINS EVILLY AT THE HELPLESS FIGURES OF ROLLO AND DANNY...

WE COULD — BUT WE SHALL NOT! FIRST THE TROLLS EAT — AND THEN MY DOG EATS. UPON YOU!

HEEEEEH! SEE HOW THEY ALL SCAMPER WHEN MY LITTLE PET IS TO BE RELEASED!

THE BANQUET SEEMS NEVER-ENDING. BUT AT LONG LAST...

AND NOW IT IS TIME FOR **DEATH JAW** TO SATISFY **HIS** HUNGER!

HIS DOG! THAT MONSTROUS CREATURE HE CALLS **DEATH JAW!**

NOW, MY BEAUTIFUL ONE. IT IS YOUR TURN!

GRRAARRAAGH!

WITH ITS TERRIBLE JAWS GAPING WIDE, THE UNEARTHLY CREATURE LEAPS — **STRAIGHT FOR ROLLO'S THROAT!**

ROLLO THROWS UP HIS ARMS AND TWISTS AS FAR AS THE CHAINS WILL ALLOW.

CH-OINK!

THE NIGHTMARE JAWS CLOSE NOT UPON ROLLO'S THROAT, **BUT UPON THE CHAINS!**

THE HALL OF TROLLS TREMBLES TO THE BEAST'S SUDDEN HOWL OF PAIN.

YIIIIIH!

HIS TEETH WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE CHAINS! QUICKLY, DANNY! RELEASE THE STRAPS AROUND YOUR ANKLES!

ROLLO LEAPS FOR THE GREAT DOOR THROUGH WHICH THEY HAVE COME.

THIS WAY!

DEATH JAW! AFTER THEM!

THIS WILL LEAD US BACK TO THE CHAMBER WHERE WE WERE EARLIER!

I KNOW! REMEMBER THE GAS THAT MADE US SEEM LIKE MONSTERS TO EACH OTHER? THAT GAS MAY NOW SAVE OUR LIVES.

THAT BRUTE'S NOT FAR BEHIND! I CAN HEAR HIM!

AS ROLLO SNATCHES AWAY THE HANDKERCHIEF HE HAD USED AS A PLUG THERE COMES THE SOFT HISS OF ESCAPING GAS.

REMEMBER, DANNY! WHATEVER HAPPENS, WE MUST NOT LOOK AT EACH OTHER!

A DEEP, MENACING GROWL — AND **DEATH JAW IS UPON THEM!**

THE COLOSSAL HOUND **PREPARES TO SPRING** — THEN PAUSES. AND TO FIND THE REASON FOR ITS CHANGE OF MIND WE TAKE A LOOK THROUGH THE FEARSOME CREATURE'S EYES...

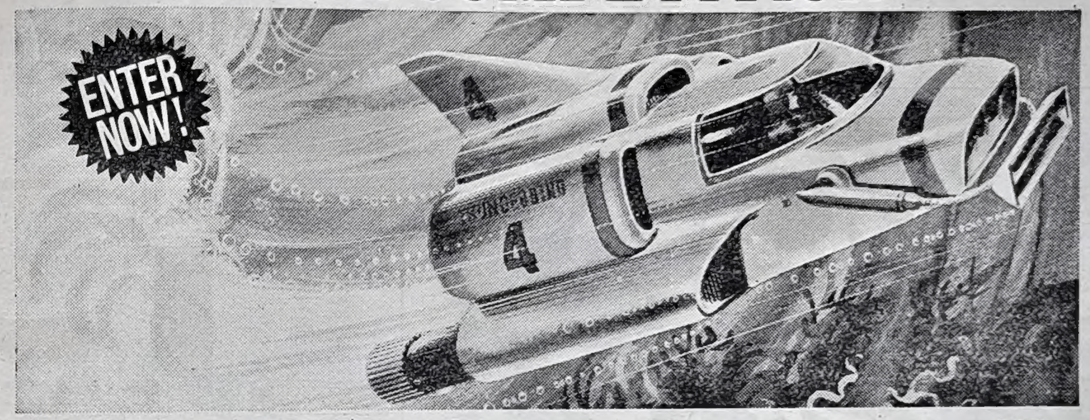
THE SORCERER'S GAS IS BEGINNING TO TAKE EFFECT!

ROLLO AND DANNY DISAPPEAR, AND IN THEIR PLACES **STAND...**

More thrills over the page...

THE DREADFUL SIGHT IS TOO MUCH— EVEN FOR DEATH JAW!
WE'VE GOT TO GO THAT WAY, TOO. THERE IS NO OTHER ESCAPE FROM HERE. BUT DEATH JAW WILL GIVE US NO MORE TROUBLE!
THEY RACE FROM THE GAS CHAMBER, BACK TO THE HALL OF TROLLS.
AAH! D-DON'T HURT ME!
THE KEYS! THE KEYS TO THE MANACLES YOU PLACED AROUND OUR WRISTS! WHERE ARE THEY, YOU MISERABLE LITTLE MONKEY?
H-HERE!
WHICH DOOR TO TAKE? THERE ARE SO MANY!
WE'LL TRY THIS ONE!
WHAT SAY YOU NOW, BALBIN? YOU AND YOUR TROLLS HAVE HAD NO MORE SUCCESS AGAINST THESE TWO STRANGERS THAN NECRO THE SORCERER HAD!
THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN A MAZE OF PASSAGES...
ROLLO IS RIGHT! HIGH IN DEATH CASTLE, THE EVIL BROTHERHOOD OF FIVE IS ASSEMBLED, PRESIDED OVER BY COUNT CADAVO...
WE'RE LOST, ROLLO!
AND I HAVE A FEELING THAT THIS ALL PART OF SOME DEVILISH PLAN!
BALBIN, PRINCE OF THE TROLLS, SITS IN SILENCE... IT IS THE MAN WITH BLOOD-RED LIPS SET IN A FACE AS PALE AS MARBLE WHO SPEAKS...
AND NOW IT IS THE TURN OF DRACA OF THE BATS. THE ADVENTURES OF THESE TWO MEN ARE ALMOST OVER. FOR NOW THEY ARE ABOUT TO ENTER THE VAULT OF THE VAMPIRES!
IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH BELOW DEATH CASTLE, ROLLO AND DANNY HAVE REACHED A MASSIVE DOOR. AND AS THEY PUSH IT OPEN, AN OVERPOWERING ODOUR OF DECAY ASSAILS THEIR NOSTRILS!
PHEW!
WHAT AWAITS ROLLO AND DANNY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR? WE'RE NOT TELLING YOU—AT LEAST, NOT UNTIL NEXT WEEK'S SMASH!

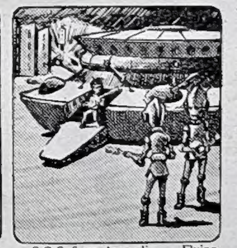
# "S.O.S. THUNDERBIRDS" ZOOM COMPETITION




## 10 First Prizes of £100 of toys you can choose yourself!

## 20 2nd Prizes of super bicycles
## 500 Cameras as Consolation Prizes
## - and a Prize for mum too!

**A** S.O.S. from Lady Penelope . . . Stranded on Pacific Island . . . No water, no food.



**B** S.O.S. from Australia . . . Flying-saucer landed with Martians. Have captured Army headquarters and have death-ray guns.

**C** S.O.S. from Atlantic . . . Jetship disaster . . . Sinking . . . Passengers awaiting rescue.

**D** S.O.S. from atomic research station. In path of volcanic lava. Please rescue scientists.

**E** S.O.S. Thunderbird 4 wrecked in the Arctic. Commander-in-Chief of International Rescue Organisation aboard.

**F** S.O.S. Thunderland Dam in danger of bursting. Collect Engineers and send quickly to Thunderland.

**Have fun boys and girls.** Here's an exciting competition that gives you all the thrills of the famous Thunderbirds TV series—plus 530 chances of winning a prize! For the first prize, you yourself can choose £100 worth of toys—from a list containing Go Karts, record players, radios, etc. If you win a 1st or 2nd prize your Mum can choose £15 of Philips home appliances for herself. And everyone who completes one whole entry form will receive a super set of coloured Thunderbirds transfers. So start right away.

**How to enter** Imagine you're on duty in the control room of International Rescue, with the 5 'Thunderbirds' ready for rescue operations.

Suddenly, six desperate rescue situations arise (as illustrated in pictures A to F). You are asked to help with each of them. But you can only deal with one at a time. So you must decide *in what order you would undertake the six rescues.*

Which rescue do you think is the most urgent? Put the Picture letter of the one you choose beside First Rescue in the 1st Try column on your entry form. Now put the Picture letter of your Second Rescue in the 1st Try column —and so on, until you have completed the six rescues.

You can have up to 6 tries on the Entry Form, provided you send one Zoom wrapper for each try. Your sixth try is *free.*

Now copy out the short sentence on the Entry Form *as neatly as you can.* Write in your name, age and address clearly. Then post your entry with the correct number of Zoom wrappers in a sealed and correctly stamped envelope, addressed to:—

**Zoom 'Thunderbirds' Competition, 18/20 St. Andrew Street, London E.C.4 (Comp.)**

The closing date is Monday, August 8th, 1966. You can enter as often as you like until that date.

### RULES

1. Boys and Girls living in the United Kingdom may enter providing they will be *under* 16 on 8th August, 1966, the closing date for entries.
2. Every entry examined and First Prize awarded to competitor whose order of organising the six rescue operations is judged best by expert judges. All other prizes to next-best entries in order of merit. Mother or guardians of winners of 1st and 2nd prizes will each receive a £15 worth of Philips home appliances.
3. In event of ties, judges will make awards to competitors whose writing or printing and general neatness of the copied sentence are judged best, full allowance being made for age.
4. Boys and Girls enter on understanding that judges' decision in all contest matters is final and legally binding. Correspondence not allowed.
5. No limit to number of entries, but they must be made in INK or BALLPOINT and accompanied by correct number of ZOOM iced lolly wrappers. Entries must be posted to:—Zoom 'Thunderbirds' Competition, 18-20, St. Andrew Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.).
6. Every winner notified by post and complete list of names available for inspection for two weeks dating from 22nd August, 1966, at Glacier House, Hammersmith Grove, London, W.6.

Extra entry forms available at shops or vans selling Lyons Maid 'Zoom' Iced Lollies or from Zoom 'Thunderbirds' Competition, 18-20 St. Andrew Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.). Please mark envelope 'Rules and Entry Form' and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

**ENTRY FORM FOR ZOOM 'S.O.S. THUNDERBIRDS' CONTEST**

| Thunderbird Rescues | 1st Try | 2nd Try | 3rd Try | 4th Try | 5th Try | Free 6th Try |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1st Rescue | | | | | | |
| 2nd Rescue | | | | | | |
| 3rd Rescue | | | | | | |
| 4th Rescue | | | | | | |
| 5th Rescue | | | | | | |
| 6th Rescue | | | | | | |

**Now copy neatly in the space below**
**'ZOOM' Iced Lollies are made by Lyons Maid**

Now neatly fill in the rest of this Entry Form and post to: ZOOM 'S.O.S. THUNDERBIRDS' COMPETITION, 18/20 St. Andrew St. London E.C.4. (Comp.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

Town _____ County _____

Lyons Maid

# THE GHOST PATROL

A PATROL OF THE BRITISH ARMY FIGHTING IN 1941 HAS BEEN SENT BACK TO 1,000 B.C. BY A TIME-MACHINE. THEY ARE CAPTURED BY EGYPTIANS AND TAKEN TO THEIR ANCIENT TEMPLE. BUT THEN PATROL-MEMBER PADDY AND CORNY, A POLICE-TROOPER FROM THE FUTURE, ARRIVE...

THE PATROL ARE PRISONERS OF THE EGYPTIANS, CORNY! USE THAT FLASH-GUN OF YOURS — WE'VE ALL GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, QUICK!

GOING INTO ACTION NOW, PADDY!

THE FLASH-GUN THREW OUT A **PARALYSING RAY** WHICH TURNED THE EGYPTIANS INTO HELPLESS STATUES...

THIS DOESN'T HURT THEM — IT ONLY STOPS THEM!

SERGEANT JOE AND THE PATROL WERE GROUPED ON THE TEMPLE STEPS, BESIDE PHARAOH AND THEIR EGYPTIAN GUARDS...

THESE MEN HAVE A STRANGE WEAPON! THEY MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO COME NEAR ME, **THE PHARAOH!** ARCHERS — SHOOT THEM DOWN!

PADDY AND CORNY DODGED THROUGH THE SHOWER OF ARROWS...

LOOK OUT, PADDY — DIVE FOR COVER! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES!

THAT'S THE SARGE! USE THE FLASH-GUN AGAIN, CORNY — BUT WATCH YOU DON'T HIT THE PATROL!

I'LL TAKE GOOD AIM!

THE RAY STREAKED OUT, AND PHARAOH AND HIS ARCHERS WERE PARALYSED WHERE THEY STOOD!

UUUH?

THAT SETTLES HIM!

WITH THE ARCHERS OUT OF THE WAY, THE SERGEANT AND HIS MEN TURNED ON THEIR GUARDS...

AAAGH!

AND THAT FIXES *YOUR* HASH, MY LAD!

BY THE TIME PADDY AND CORNY REACHED THEM, THE FIGHT WAS OVER!

ARE WE GLAD TO SEE *YOU!* WE THOUGHT YOU AND THE TIME-MACHINE WERE LOST FOR GOOD!

IT'S RIGHT *HERE*, SARGE! AND MEET CORNY KERRIGAN! I'LL TELL YOU LATER HOW HE GOT HERE!

CORPORAL JOCK McLUCKIE GAZED IN AMAZEMENT AT THE PARALYSED PHARAOH — THEN HE GAVE HIM A PUSH!

HE'S BEEN *TURNED TO STONE!*

DON'T WORRY, IT'LL WEAR OFF QUITE SOON!

SERGEANT JOE SOON GOT THINGS ORGANISED...

RIGHT, LADS, NOW WE'VE GOT THE TIME-MACHINE BACK WE CAN ESCAPE FROM THIS PLACE! FIRST WE MUST FIND THE TANK, AND GET HOLD OF ERHART AGAIN!

AND, SARGE, WHAT ABOUT THOSE STRANGE 'RELICS' IN THE TEMPLE?

THEY HURRIED BACK INTO THE VAST TEMPLE OF RA...

YES, WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT THOSE RELICS! THEY LOOKED LIKE MODERN MACHINES TO ME. HOW THEY'VE TURNED UP IN ANCIENT EGYPT IS ANYBODY'S GUESS!

MAYBE SOMEBODY ELSE HAS GOT A TIME-MACHINE — AND GOT STRANDED HERE!

CORPORAL JOCK PICKED UP THE BOX OF TRICKS — JUST AS HE HAD DONE BEFORE...

I CAN STILL HEAR VOICES IN THE EARPHONES — BUT THEY'RE DIFFERENT THIS TIME!

THE RELICS WERE A STRANGE BOX OF TRICKS, LIKE A RADIO SET WITH EARPHONES, AN OBJECT THAT LOOKED LIKE A WEAPON, AND A METAL HELMET!

WELL, THERE THEY ARE, PADDY! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THEM?

HEY! IT'S *YOUR* VOICE I'M HEARING, SARGE!

BUT SERGEANT JOE DIDN'T HEAR WHAT JOCK SAID, FOR HE HAD PICKED UP THE HELMET AND FITTED IT ON HIS HEAD, CAREFULLY...

HMMM! THIS THING SEEMS TO SHUT OFF YOUR HEARING! THERE'S A *SWITCH* ON IT!

THEN SUDDENLY...

HEY — WHAT'S HAPPENING?

GREAT SCOTT, SARGE — YOU'RE LEAVING THE GROUND!

IN A FEW SECONDS, SERGEANT JOE WAS DRIFTING UP TOWARDS THE ROOF OF THE TEMPLE, HELPLESSLY...

THIS BLINKING HELMET — IT'S *LEVITATING* ME! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO STOP IT!

LOOK OUT, SARGE — *THE ROOF!*

**NEXT WEEK:** SERGEANT JOE TURNS INTO SMOKE!

# RONNIE RICH

SORRY, RON! MY MUM'S IN BED WITH A NASTY COLD AND I'VE GOT TO DO THE WASHING.

COMING OUT TO PLAY, BILLY?

LOOK AT THAT LOT! IT'LL TAKE ME ALL DAY!

H-M-M-M-M!

LEAVE IT TO ME, BILLY. I'LL SOON GET YOUR WASHING DONE!

I'LL GIVE YOU TWO THOUSAND QUID FOR YOUR LAUNDRY, CHARLEY!

VELLY GOOD! VELLY GOOD! IT'S A DEAL. LOVELY LOLLY—GIVE ME!

WE'LL SOON HAVE THEM DONE, BILLY! AND NOW I'VE SPENT MY LAST TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, I CAN COLLECT GRANNY'S MILLION QUID!

I'LL TURN THE INDICATOR TO FULL-SPEED! IT'LL GET THEM DONE EVEN QUICKER!

HELP! YOU FOOL! YOU'VE PUT IT TOO FAST! AAGH!

HELP—I CAN'T SEE A THING—WHERE ARE WE?

SPLOSH!

STARCH

COO— HE'S AS STIFF AS A BOARD. POOR OLD BILLY—HE MUST HAVE FALLEN INTO THE STARCH.

NEVER MIND, BILLY! I'LL SOON HAVE THAT STARCH OFF YOU. I'LL WASH IT OFF.

OOER! I MUST HAVE PUT IN TOO MANY SOAP FLAKES!

I'M IN LUCK— JUST THE JOB. THERE'S A SAFETY PIN LEFT IN THIS NAPKIN.

STAB! STAB! STAB!

SOON HAVE THESE BUBBLES BURST NOW— *THEN* I'LL SEE WHAT I'M DOING.

EEK! I'VE BEEN STABBED!

COO! THAT LOOKS LIKE ARTFUL ARTIE — THE COPS HAVE BEEN AFTER HIM FOR WEEKS!

I'LL LET HIM GO— I'M NOT GOING TO BE CAUGHT OUT THIS TIME. I DON'T WANT ANY REWARD MONEY!

WHOOPS! I'VE PRESSED THE AUTOMATIC IRONING-BOARD BUTTON!

HELP! WH- WHAT ??!!

HELP! LET ME OUT—HELP, HELP!

WELL DONE, RONNIE— YOU'VE CAUGHT ARTFUL ARTIE. WE HEARD THOSE YELLS. YOU'LL GET A REWARD FOR THIS.

YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT YOURSELF, BILLY. I'M NOT RISKING BUYING ANY MORE LAUNDRIES.

ROTTER!

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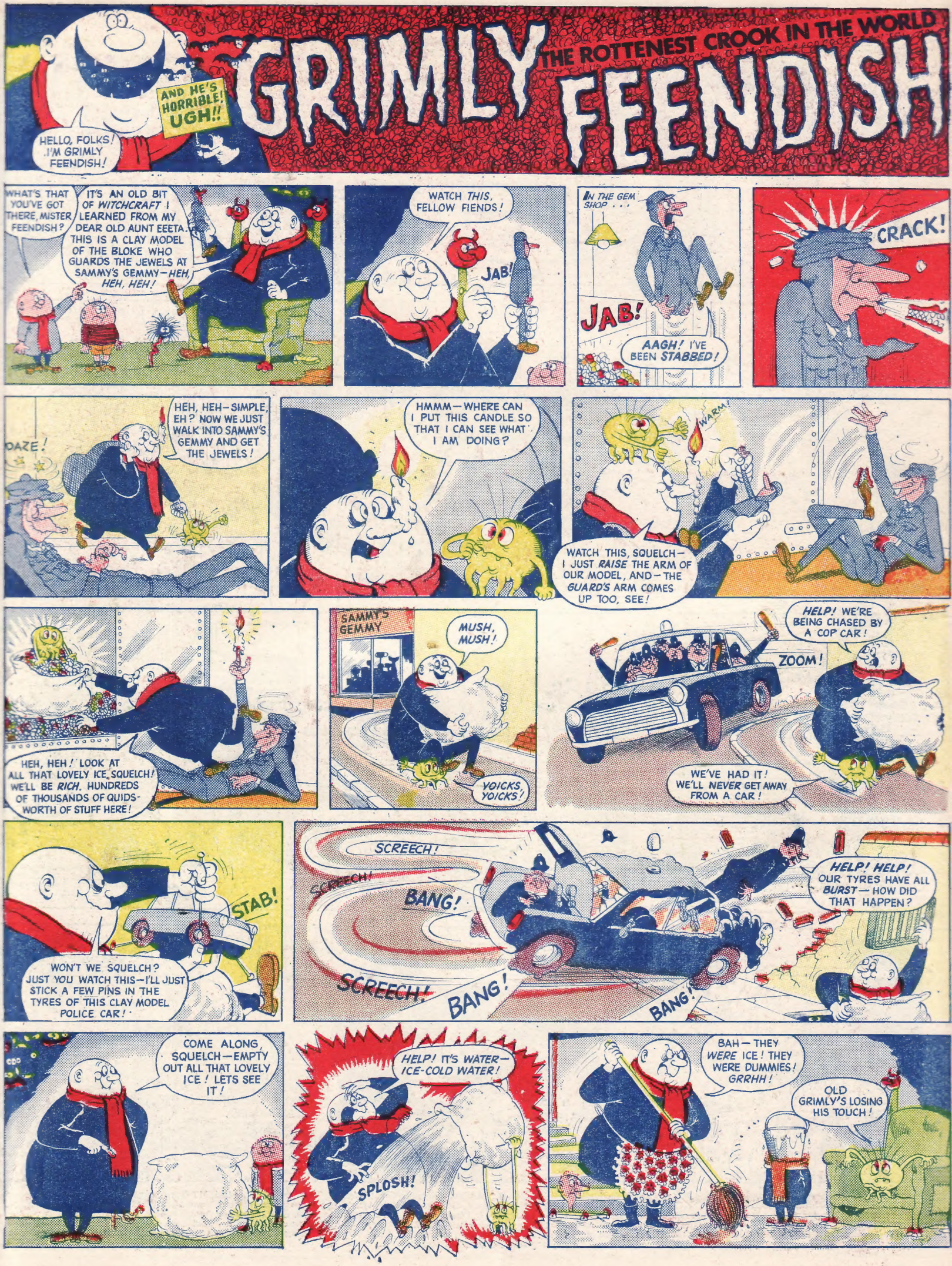
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
GRIMLY FEENDISH
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
WHAT'S THAT YOU'VE GOT THERE, MISTER FEENDISH?
IT'S AN OLD BIT OF WITCHCRAFT I LEARNED FROM MY DEAR OLD AUNT EEETA. THIS IS A CLAY MODEL OF THE BLOKE WHO GUARDS THE JEWELS AT SAMMY'S GEMMY—HEH, HEH, HEH!
WATCH THIS, FELLOW FIENDS!
JAB!
IN THE GEM SHOP . . .
JAB!
AAGH! I'VE BEEN STABBED!
CRACK!
DAZE!
HEH, HEH—SIMPLE, EH? NOW WE JUST WALK INTO SAMMY'S GEMMY AND GET THE JEWELS!
HMMM—WHERE CAN I PUT THIS CANDLE SO THAT I CAN SEE WHAT I AM DOING?
WARM!
WATCH THIS, SQUELCH—I JUST RAISE THE ARM OF OUR MODEL, AND—THE GUARD'S ARM COMES UP TOO, SEE!
HEH, HEH! LOOK AT ALL THAT LOVELY ICE, SQUELCH! WE'LL BE RICH. HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF QUIDS-WORTH OF STUFF HERE!
SAMMY'S GEMMY
MUSH, MUSH!
YOICKS, YOICKS!
HELP! WE'RE BEING CHASED BY A COP CAR!
ZOOM!
WE'VE HAD IT! WE'LL NEVER GET AWAY FROM A CAR!
STAB!
WON'T WE SQUELCH? JUST YOU WATCH THIS—I'LL JUST STICK A FEW PINS IN THE TYRES OF THIS CLAY MODEL POLICE CAR!
SCREECH!
SCREECH!
BANG!
SCREECH!
BANG!
BANG!
HELP! HELP! OUR TYRES HAVE ALL BURST—HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?
COME ALONG, SQUELCH—EMPTY OUT ALL THAT LOVELY ICE! LETS SEE IT!
HELP! IT'S WATER—ICE-COLD WATER!
SPLOSH!
BAH—THEY WERE ICE! THEY WERE DUMMIES! GRRHH!
OLD GRIMLY'S LOSING HIS TOUCH!